I can sit here and care not for them new, reaming beside the glittering wave of life Once more,—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart; I hear Faint, oh so faint, some air I used to sing. Bairs my sense; and odors dim and dear The meadow-breezes bring.

Over the fields and happy homes of men.

While one bird saug as now, piercing the shade,
Long since—I know not when.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

LEFT IN TRUST.

THE STORY OF A LADY AND HER LOVER.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT. Phabe Junior," " The Curate in Charge," etc

Author of "Pated Juney." The Certain on Charges" and the Lawrence Charges are not to the proper of the control of the proper of the pro

semel, theoreth is become severed with cross to employ the hist become the completely as has been doing. You under that that have notine every deviate come to severe the care that it had all some eaver from me or that you have been to save that it had all some eaver from me or that you have been to save that it had all some eaver from me or that you have been so must. They were all under the proper cape—have been somethed to care that it had all some eaver from me or that had all some eaver from me or that had all some eaver from me or that had all some eaver from me or the some that the proper cape—have been so must. They were all under the proper cape—have been so must. They were all under the proper cape—have been so must. They were all under the propers of the south that the proper cape—have been so must. They were all under the proper cape—have been somethed to the proper cape. I have the south that the someth, and the proper cape have been so done the south that the south that is a someth, and the south probability of the south proper cape. I have a somethed that someth, and the south probability of the south probability of the south probability of the south probability of the south probability that the south had to some the south that the south had to some the south that the south probability of the south probability of the south probability that the south had to so the south that the south that the south had to so the south that the south that the south had the south that t

his new light, the emergency was pressing, and there was no time to lose.

That evening, accordingly, the linen which bad been put back into his drawers was replaced in the bag, and the contents of his purse reinvestigated. He sent a telegram to Charley Ashley, which filled that good fellow with excitement, computation and perhaps a touch of disappointment, and left London by the night train. It brought him to the Rectory uncomfortably early, but still there was no ether so convenient which entailed so little loss of time, and Cosmo felt the advantage of making it apparent that he had come hurriedly and had little time to soare. He arrived while it was still dark on the wintry, foggy, chill morning. Could any man do more to show the fervent reality of his passion? He had stayed away as long as Anne was tilling a kind of official position, so long as she was the object of general observation. Now, when there was no longer any sort of artificial claim upon, or necessity for exerting herself, then he was at her command.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was a new world upon which Anne rose that day. The excitement was over, the gloomy details of business drawing to completion, and the new circumstances of the family life remained to be settled by the family themselves. It was still early when Anne came downstairs, and took her way to the library in which Mr. Loseby was sitting. He was at her father's table, almost in the same spot where Mr. Mountford, for as long as she could remember, had done his business, or made beheve to do it. This startled her a little, but it was time to resist these overwhelming associations, and address herself, she felt, to the business in hand. She came up to him quickly, giving herself no time to think. Mr. Loseby, you must instruct me what are my duties, she said.

Heathcote Mountford was at the other end of the room, idly looking through the books, and she had not seen him, but he was unconscious of this. By degrees he had come to know all about Anne, to feel a dilterence in the atmosphere when she came in, to see her whenever she appeared as if with cyes in the back of his head.

Your duties, my dear child, Mr. Loseby said, pushing up his spectacles on his forchead. 'Sit down there in front of me and let us talk. It does one good to look at you. Anne.'

'You were always very kind,' she said gratefully. But you must not spoil me now, for if you do! shall cry, and all my morning's work will come to an end. Manima is coming downstairs to-day, and all is to be as—it can never be again, said Anne with an abrupt interruption of herself. 'But in the meantime it is very needful for me to know what I am to do, I want you to tell me while we are after while we are alone.

'My dear Anne,' said the old lawyer, 'my dear Anne,' and the tears came to his cyes. 'I wish I were everything that I can't be—a fairy prince or a romatic hero—for your sake.'

'I like you a great deal better as Mr. Loseby than if you were a fairy prince,'

'I daresay that is true, but in the one case I micht have delivered you, and in the other I can

all at once to wake up and that trade."

'I don't see how you can call it a trade."

'Oh, yes, Mr. Loseby, and I am to have £500 a vear of pay—I shall not be worth half so much. When I was young, said Anne, with the screen consciousness of maturity, 'it was one of my fancies to learn something that I could live by. I am afraid I thought of quite little pettifogging business, little bits of art-work or such like. I shall be a kind of land steward, with a little of a stockbroker in me now."

land sieward, with a little of a stockbroker in me now.'

'Yes, something of that sort,' he said, humoring her, looking at her with a smile.

'Curious,' said Anne, with a gleam of laughter getting into her eyes, 'I think I shall like it too; it ought to be ammsing—it ought to have an interest—and you know everybody says, that what we girls want is an interest in our lives.

'You never wanted an interest in your life.'

'No, I do not think I have; but you must not look so sorry—I am not sorry for myself. What does it matter after all f said Anne, raising her head with that lofty visionary defance of all evil. 'There are things which one could not consent to lose—which it really breaks one's heart to lose—which it really breaks one's heart to lose—which would need to be torn and wretched out of one; you know, Mr. Loseby f—but not money; how different when it is only money. The mere idea that you might lose the one makes you feel what loss would

know, Mr. Loseby f-but not money; how different when it is only money. The mere idea that you might lose the one makes you feel what loss would be, makes you contemptuous of the other.

'I know!-do you think I know!-indeed, my dear, I cannot tell," said Mr. Loseby shaking his head. 'If I lost what I have, I should not find it at all easy to console myself. I don't think I should be contemptuous or indifferent if all my living were to go.

'Ah?' she cried with a saiden light of computation and pity in her eyes, but that is occasies you.

his new light, the emergency was pressing, and there was no time to lose.

That evening, accordingly, the linen which had been put back into his drawers was replaced in the bag, and the contents of his purse reinvestigated. He

eyes.

'I want to speak to you about business,' he said.

'Mr. Loseby is not the only instructor in that art.

'I want to speak to you about business,' he said.
'Mr. Loseby is not the only instructor in that art.
Will you tell me—dou't think I am supertinent—
where you intend—where you wish—to live.'
A flush came upon Anne's face. She thought he
wanted possession of his own house, which was so
natural. 'We will not stay to trouble you!' she
cried. Then, overcoming the little impulse of pride.
'Forgive me, Cousin Heathcote, that was not what
you meaut, I know. We have not talked of it, we
have had no consultation as yet. Except Mount,
where I have always lived, one place is the same as
another to me.'

where I have always hee, in the was something in Anne's eyes that contradicted her, and he thought that he could read what it meant. For felt that he knew better than she knew herself, and this gave him zeal in his proposal; though what he wanted was not to further but to hinder the wish which heart.

was not to further but to hinds:
divined in her heart.
If this is the case, why not stay at Mount!
Heathcote said. Listen to me; it is of no use to
me: I am not rich enough to keep it up. This is
why I wanted to get rid of it. You love the place
and everything about it—whereas it is nothing to

"Is it so?" said Anne with a voice of regret.
'Mount!—nothing to you?"

'It was nothing to me, at least till the other day; and to you it is so much. All your associations are connected with it; you were born here, and have all your friends here, said Heathcote, micronsciously enlarging upon the claims of the place, as if to press them upon an unwilling hearer. Why should be think she was unwilling to acknowledge her love for her home? And yet Anne felt in her heart that there was divination in what he said.

'But, Consin Heathcote, it is yours, not ours. It was our home, but it is no longer so. Den't you think it would be more hard to have no right to it, and yet stay, that to give it up and go? The happiness of Mount is over, she said softly. 'It is no longer to us the one place in the world.'

'That is a hard thing to say to me, Anne.'
'Is it? why so? When you are settled in it, years after this, if you will ask me, I will come to see you, and be quite happy,' said Anne with a smile; 'indeed I shall; it is not a mean dislike to see you here. That is the course of mature. We always knew it was to be yours. There is no feeling of wrong, no pain at all in it; but it is no longer ours. Don't you see the difference? I am sure you see it,' she said.

'But if your father had carried out his intention—' she said. But if your father had carried out his intention—

No. no: certainly you cannot give it to me-

Montal: extrainty you cannot give it to me—

'No, no; certainty you cannot give it to me—

'At least, he crash, carried be, and himself by the
existement of the moment. There was only one
way in which I could have given it to your and that,
ime of any claim I had, you have put out of my
power—you have made impossible. Anne?

She looked at him, her eves opening wider, her
hips dropping apart, with a sort of consistnation; thus a tinge of warmer color gradually rose over her face. The almost fierceness of
his tone, the aggrieved voice and expression had
something half luderous in it; but in her surprise
this was not visible to Anne. And he saw that he
had startled her, which is always satisfactory. She
owed him reparation for this, though it was an unintentional wrong. He ended with a severity of
indicination which overwhelmed her.

'It does not seem to me that I was ever thought
of, that anyone took me into consideration. I was
never allowed to have a chance. Before I came
here, my place, the place I might have channed, was
appropriated. And now I must keep Mount though
I do not want it, and you must leave it though you
do want it, when our interests might have been
one. But no no, I am mistaken. Yen do not want
it now, though it is your home. You think you
will prefer London because London is:

'Mr. Heathcote Mounttord, I think you forget
what you are saying

'Don't call me that at least, he creed; 'don't
to the result of

s portfolio, icching sure they would tematk his the attilice and understand his stratury my but he of succeeded in that strature mess much be the man he thought, that they paid no attention to him all.

What are you saving about old Lessby* he ked. This not given the first place. Mr. H. oth

What are you saving about old Lessley's be asked. 'It is not rivil in the first place, Mr. Il is the cote, for call your family manyed business of. It is a continue-hous expression. I am not save that it is not actionable. That reminds me that I have over had anything to do with your branch of the family which no doubt, is the vasce why you take this liberty. I am on the other side.

'Do me this service, then, at once 'sold Heatheote, coming back from that aristated little walk with which a man who has been committing himself and showing uncalled for emotion so often relieves his feelings. 'Persunde my consuls to grarify me by staying at Mount. I have clearly told you'l should not know what to do with it. If they will stay nothing need be changed:

'It is a very good idea, said Mr. Loochy. 'I think an excellent idea. They will pay you a reat for it which will be reasonable, which will not be exertiated.' They shall do not have of the will not be exertiated.'

ant.'
They shall do nothing of the sort,' cried Heath-

tant.

'They shall do nothing of the sort, 'cried Heath-cote: 'rent between me and...'

'Yes, between you and Mrs, Menntford, the most reasonable proposal in the world. It is really a thing to be taken into your full consideration, Anne. Of course you must live somewhere. And there is no place you would like so well.'

Here a guilty flush came upon Anne's face. She stole a furtive glance at Heathcote to see if he were observing her. She did not wish to give him the opportunity of saying 'I told you so,' or convicting her out of her own month.

'I think mamma and Rose have some idea—that is, there was some talk. Hose has always wanted masters whom we can't get here. There was an idea of settling in London for a time...'

'He did not turn round, which was increful. If he had divined her, if he now understood her, he gave no sign at least. This was generous and touched. Anne's heart.

'In London, country birds like Rose and you't I don't say for a little time in the season, to see the pictures, and hear some music, and that sort of thing; but settling in London, what would you do that for! You would not like it; I feel sure you would not like it. You never could like it, if you tried.'

To this Anne was dumb, making no response. She

thing; but settling in London, what would you do
that for I you would not like it; I feel sure you
would not like it. You never could like it, if you
tried.'

To this Anne was dumb, making no response. She
stood with her eyes cast down, her face flushed and
abashed, her two hands clasped together, as much
like a confused and naughty child as it was possible
for Anne to be. She gave once more an instantaneous, furtive glance from under her downcast eyelids at Heathcote. Would he rejonce over her to
see his guess, his impertment guess, proved true?
But Heathcote was taking another agitated turn
about the room, to blow off his own excitement, and
was not for the moment observant of hers.

After this Mr. Loseby began to impart to Anno
real information about the duties which would be
required of her, to which she gave what attention
she could. But this was not so much as could
have been desired. Her mind was running over
with various thoughts of her own, impulses which
had come to her from another mind, and new
aspects of old questions. She left the library as
soon as she could, in order to get back to the shelter
of her own room and there think them out. Had
Heathcote known how little attention she gave to
his own strange, unintentional self-betrayal—if it
was indeed a self-betrayal, and not a mere involuntary onthreak of the moment, some nervous impulse
or other, incomprehensible to the speaker as to the
hearer—he would have been sadly humbled. But,
as a matter of fact, Anne scarcely thought of his
words at all. He had made some mistake, she felt
sure. She had not heard him right, or else she had
missed the real meaning of what he said, for that
surface meaning was of course impossible. But she
did think about the other matter. He had divined
her almost more clearly than she had understood
herself. When she had decided that to go to London would be the best thing the family could do,
she had carefully directed her mind to other metives; to the facilities of getting masters for Rose,
and books, and everyt

parks, and all the things there would be to see the interest on all sides, the means of occupring themselves. But she had not thought—had she thought—that Cosmo would be at hand, that he would be within reach, that he might be the companion of many expeditions, the sharer of many occupations. Had she secretly been thinking of this all the time! had this been her motive and not the other? Heath-cote Mountiord had seen through her and had divined it, though she had not known it herself. She paneed now to ask herself with no small emotion, if this were true; and she could not say that it was not true or half true. If it were so, was it not unmaidenly, unwomanly, wrong to go after him, since he did not come to her? She had made up her mind to it without being conscious of that motive; but now the veil was torn from her eyes, and she was aware of the weakness in her own heart. Ought she to go, being now sure that to be near Cosmo was one of her chief objects; or would it be better to remain at Mount as Heathcote's tenant! Anne's heart sank down, down to the lowest depth; but she was a girl who could defy her heart and all her inclinations when need was. She threw herself back as a last resource upon the others whe had to be consulted. Though she knew she could turn them as she pleased, yet she proposed to herself to make an oracle of them. According to their response, who knew nothing about it, who would speak according to the chance impression of the moment, so should the decision be.

(To to Continued next Sunday.)

MARIA DERAISME.

MARIA DERAISME.

A Parisian correspondent sends us the following account of Mile. Maria Deraisme, the heroine of the recent anti-Cierical Congress: "Mile. Maria Deraisme was the lioness of the platform. In arramentative power there is no orator in the French Chamberthe superior of this lady. There is a tinge of accimony in her style and a sub-acidity which gives it zest. Her figure is slightly awry, her face is long and pointed, and her forehead wide, high prominent and very smooth. It rises above pencilled cyclorows and bright and feverish hazel eves. Mile. Deraisme is a woman of some fortune; keeps a carriage, has a town and country house, and will never marry as long as the status of the married woman is based on the Orientalism of the Christian religion. St. Paul, who was the exponent to the fireck and Roman Churches of Oriental ideas on women, is the pet hatred of Mile. Deraisme. There is not a grain of eccentricity in the manuer or the method of this oratress when she is on the platform or on her feet at a banquet. She dresses richly and in excellent taste, wears sparkling rims on her slender fingers, flirts a fan worthy to figure in an art museum, gesticulates with ease and sobriety, and astonishes by her intellectual force. If she only sacrificed to the Graecs—but that she will never do—she would be a peerless speaker."

HORBIES.

Take the case of a lady of our acquaintance who had always greatly despised fishing. What attraction people could find in it was to her incomprehensible; rats-ratching, she said, she might bring herself possibly to take an interest in, but never fishing. At has, some years ago, she happened to go to an Irich moor with her brother; and he, not knowing what to do for her amusement, sent her out fly sishing under the keeper's care. She caught three ush, and also caught her hook in her thumb, and had to have it cut out; and from that day the spirit of Issae Walton entered into her. She bought a pair of fishing stockings, and was to be seen in all weathers perseveringly wading and flogging the water, till she became an expert angler, and is now competent to discourse learnedly on the relative merits of flies, fishing-tools, and all such topics. Another lady, again, who had been mounted on a variety of hobbies. Dante, music, algebra, arithmetic, etc., had always had a strong dislike to everything connected with a farm. It bored her; she knew and cared nothing about it, and thought it associated with nasty smells which she could not endure. But suddenly agricultural matters assumed a new aspect, for farming became her hobby, and she discovered it to be the one thing worth living for and taking the trouble of studying. Books on thorough bass, Italian and sums were left languishing on the shelves, and her table was covered exclusively with works upon the treatment of land, rotations of crops, manures, the management and feeding of stock and similar subjects. She learned to tell at a suif whether a ar subjects. She learned to tell at a sum warner a cld were being dressed with guano, bones, super-hosphate, or slaughter-house manure; and would can long over the doors of the pigstes, or stand se-lously pondering upon the "ping" or "short" con-tion of a dung-heap, without heeding the savory

lean long over the doors of the plaguage and riously pendering apon the "long" or "short" condition of a dung-heap, without heeding the savory solors therefrom arising.

Do we not know an artistic young man who, if an unusually striking sanset should occur when he is out shooting, will at once dismiss all further thought of making a good hag, send the keeper after sketch-book and colors, by asside his gun, and calarly proceed to paint—to the considerable disgust of his fellow-sportsmen? And have we not seen another gentleman, with any number of gardeners at command, who devotes every spare minute to his Auriculas, and is perpetually rushing off to their houses, that he may with his own hands move pots into or out of a drip, or open or shat panes of glass, to regulate the amount of air that is to blow upon the precious plants, just as if their weifare depended entire by upon his personal efforts?

The Hobby may be chemistry, music, lace, science, china, algebra, languages, history, politics, Volunteers, farming, gardening, athletics, painting, architecture, horse-racing, or what not. Be it what it may, and however little choice you may have had in the matter, you are, nevertheless, completely enchanted with it, and quite prepared to maintain that that particular pursuit, and no other, is the most worthy and elevated of all that can possibly engage the attention of the human race. And, what rapture do you not then experience, if you chance to encounter another person with the same craze upon him as yourself? With what unwearying relish is the common point of interest talked over, and how exalted is the opinion you mutually entertain for one another's good sense and good taste! The discussion that good sense and good taste! The discussion that good on between you and the kindred spirit whom you have met is apt to recall to the mind of a listener the negro's idea of an argument: "Golly, massa, how me lub argeyment!

HOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKET. LAMB GROWING CHEAPER-PULL SUPPLY OF VEGE-

TABLES-HUGE IMPORTATIONS OF ORANGES. The general appearance of the market is good, though prices are still high. Beef is unchanged since last week, but cannot long remain at its pre-sent price. Lamb has become cheaper and will take the place of beef, so that the demand must be les sened. Retail dealers say that it is astonishing that the present high prices have been maintained so long, but farmers have kept back their stock, and they must soon be compelled to sell at lower prices than they have demanded. Veal and mutton are not changed since last quoted. Spring lamb has begun to be sold by the pound. The hindquarter is 22 cents a pound, the forequarter 20 cents, and breast of lamb is 15 cents. Lamb tongues are 26 cents a dozen. Veal tongues are from 75 cents to \$1, sweethreads \$1.50 to \$2, calves' heads 25 to 50 cents apiece. Salt pork is 12 cents a pound, fresh pork 12 cents. Ham and bacon are 14 cents. Lard is 14 cents. Ham, boned and boiled is 22 cents. Smoked beef tongues are 15 cents, and corned beef tongues are 15 cents a pound.

Wild pigeons are the only novelty in poultry. The

late spring has delayed the market and all fresh poultry is high and comes in slowly, while the demand is now, and for the last year has been, excessive. Spring chickens are 75 cents to \$1.50 a pair. Philadelphia spring chickens are \$1 to \$2 50. State fowls are 18 cents a pound, Philadelphia fowls 20 cents, spring duck are 35 cents, old ducks are 25 cents, geese are 20 cents, and turkeys 25 cents. Tame pigeons \$3 a dozen, squabs \$3.50; wild pigeons are \$5, squabs \$2.50, English snipe \$3.50, plover \$3.50, sandshipe 75 cents and recibirds \$1.25, Frogs are 45 to 50 cents a pound.

There is an abundant supply of weaktish, shad and mackerel, though other fish are rather scarce. and mackerel, though other ush are rather scarce. Cod is 10 cents a peaml, cod steaks are 12½ cents white halibut is 18 cents, large bass 20 cents, medium 25 cents, dressed cels 18 cents, and live lobsters are 12½ cents. Fresh caught salmon is 65 cents, flounders 8 cents, blackfish 12½ cents, mackerel from 10 to 18 cents according to size, and tine Spanish mackerel—the first of the season from the Chesapeake—are 25 cents. Butterfish is 8 cents.

shad sells at 10 cents a pound, and ree shad at 122g cents. Blueish range in price according to size from 15 cents to 18 cents, and squid, which having been tested by the Ichthyophagus Club, is entitled to take rank as an edible fish, sells at 10 cents.

Among fresh water fish, Long Island brook trout still remains a favorite at \$1 a pound, fresh brook trout from Canada selling at 50 cents. Salmon trout fresh caught, is 124g cents. Green turtle is a pound, shad roe 15 cents a pair, hard crabs \$3 a hundred, and soft crabs \$2 50 a dozen. Smoked

hundred, and soft crabs \$2.50 a dozen. Smoked salmon sells at 20 cents a pound.

We now have a plentiful supply of our native vegetables from near at home, Jorsey, Bloomingdale and Long Island contributing immense numbers of wagon loads daily. All the vegetables that arrived from the South earlier in the season were in poor considering, which was due to the prevalence of drouth and to some extent to delay in transportation. There is every prospect of a long continued and abundant supply from this time forward. Assuments sells at from 15 to 30 cents a bunch, the last price being that of the best in market from tyster liay; string beans from Charleston are 50 cents a bailt peck and butter beans are at the same price. Spinisch sells at 10 cents a peck and hothouse serrel at 25 cents a half peck. Canlidowers are 15 to 50 cents a head, calbage 10 cents, and new squash 5 cents apiece. Lettine is from 2 to 5 cents a head, peppergrass 10 cents a quart, and watercress 8 cents. Carumbers from the South are 70 cents. Mushrooms remain at \$1.25 a pound, and psyra torrators are 25 cents a quart. Kold Rabi is 25 cents for a bunch of four. This vegetable should be cooked like young turnips till

on scenis. Among Cuban vegetables to cents a bunch agon scenis. Among Cuban vegetables to cents a pseud, malagers and chayotes in some tree and ripe plaintains are 50 to a dozen.

Two laddes, some time later, had so bitter a quarrely of the fraction of bananas has been the feature of the fraction of bananas has been the feature of the fractional thin with should walk last!

Court life in all countries contains strange tales of struggles for precedence. Spanish etiquelte was provered for its absurdities; but some equally annually aneodotes are related of other Royal circles. Lonis XIV, was a master in the science of etiquette: but the court of our exiled James at St. Germana was so rife with minute panetilios as to perplex year came in market in very poor convention for the absurdities; but some equally annually and our exiled James at St. Germana was so rife with minute panetilios as to perplex year the formal Monarque humself, who remained Figs are from 20 cents to 50 cents a pound. Malazar grapes from 40 to 75 cents a pound. Use & Hamburg bothouse grapes are from \$2 to \$3 a pound, and Museuts are the same price. Huge pincapples from Matanas, extra quality, are \$1 apiece, and smaller ones from Haxana gardens are from 15 to 25 cents. Mangoes are from 75 cents to \$1 a dozen. Strawberries are plentiful. An extra quality of berries will in Washington Market for 15 cents a basket. They may be benght all the way from 5 to 18 cents a basket. A few baskets of cherrles were brought during the week from Florida, and a few penches which were imported by an enterprising dealer, packed in refrigerators and each one carewrapped in cotton, were sold at \$1 25 a

pound, Brazil nuts 8 cents, filberts 12 cents, and pecaus 15 cents; paper shell almonds are 30 cents. Tarragona almonds 20 cents, and Pistachio nots 60

MENU.
Clain Soup.
Spanish Mackerel Brotled.
Sweethreads Fried.
Boast Beef, Cauliflower, String Boans.
Salad-Lettuce with Taragon.
Cheese-Walers.
Strawberries-Pincapple and Wine-Cakes.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

CLAM SOUT.—Boil three minutes a quart of clams with their liquor and a pint of water. Strain them, take off the beards and return to the fire the hard portions and the liquor. Add two or three spring of little thyme. Let it cook slowly for half an hour. Cook together in a sancepan a piece of batter the size of an egg and a large tablespoon of flour. Add to this when done a pint of hot rich milk, then the clam liquor strained, then the soft parts of the clams which you have reserved. Season with salt and cayence pepper, let the whole become well mixed and serve.

erve. Picklei Peacurs.-Take a gallon of good vine Pickien Peacurs.—Take a gallon of good vine-gar, and add to it four pounds of sugar; boil for a few minutes and remove any scum that may arise; then take clingstone peaches that are fully ripe, rub them to get off the down, and stick three or four cloves in each peach; put them into a stone jar, and pour the liquor, boiling hot, over them. Cover the jar closely, and set it in a cool place for a week or two; then pour off the liquor and boil it as before; after which return it to the peaches, boiling hot, which should be carefully covered and stored away for future use.

which should be carriedly for future use.

PINEAPPLE AND WINE.—Cut a pineapple in thin slices; sprinkle it with sugar and pour over it two or three glasses of red or white wine. Place it on the loc and serve cold.

bowl, standing on a plate like itself, filled with clear water, and merely leaves and a few large "Marguer-ites" floating in it. I suppose these flowers were forced, but I thought what a pretty device it was for the "fair datodila," the yellow ranunculus, wood anemone, the water crowfeet, water-lily and a num-ber of other delightful plants we shall have by and-by.—[Cardiff Times.

PAPA LIEVEE'S CAKES.

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Paul de Kock, and other popular writera, have praised the galette, that rich, golden cake which has formed the feast of the griecte, which enclose within its light paste the bean to proclaim the king of the Tweltth Night. The windmill on the heights of Montmarte, the Sunday rendezvous of the Parisian pleasure-seekers, was, and is still, known as the Monlin de la Galette, and the pastrycook's shap near the Gymnase had a reputation for the manner in which these cakes were made. Every provincial visitor to the capital was received on his return home with incredulous smiles if he had ventured to omit that portion of his programme which included tasting the famous galette of the Gymnase. The owner of the shop in question has just died, leaving a large fortune to his nophews and nicees. "Papa Lievre" was a celebrity in his time, the friend of Charles Nodier, who had a juvenile fondices for pastry, and of Leontine Fay, who afterward became Madame Volnys.

Lievre owed his fame, however, to the Duchesse de Berri. One evening when she was at the Gymnase, her favorite theatre, she was estized with a regular hunger, and, as she exclaimed to Madame de Montesquieu, who accompanied her, was ready to eat anything to satisfy the cravings of a violent and sudden appetite, Madame de Montesquieu communicated the wishes of the Duchess to the Count de Choiseul, who went out and returned in about ten minutes, holding a parcel wrapped in a piece of the Constitutionnel, a journal violently opposing the King and his Government. The Count seemed embarrassed, and shifted his parcel from one hand to the other, to the amusement of the Duchess, who spation seems to barn your hands?" Your pardon, your Highness," exclaimed the Count, "it is not the paper, but what it contains." He handed the packet to the Duchess, who opened it, and found it to contain a smoking-hot galette, which she at ravenously, to the amusement of the andience. The Opposition papers took up the incident upon the following day, relating how the Duches

A COUNTESS IN THE CIRCUS.

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Prom The London Globe.

One of the prettiest of the ceasers or lady-riders at the Hippodrome has met with a tragic end. Her mame was put on the bills as Mademorselle Fanny Gytka. Some said that the coronet of countess embroidered on her saddle and trappings really belonged to her, while others declared that they had been assumed with the same readiness as that which transformed the commonplace saily scroggins into Ada de Montmorency for stage purposes. Death has torn aside the veil, and the unfortunate lady, who died on Tuesday, and was buried yesterday, was not only a real countess, but the wife of a very wealthy gentleman holding an important appointment at Bucharest. He was present at the funeral, and he took greatly to heart the death of the lady, who was only twenty-fourly and at the very zemith of her beauty when she met with the accident which ended fatally.

Hers was one of those wild and roving dispositions, more smited to the gypsy camp than to domestic duties. She left her husband, and wandered from circus to circus, refusing every ofter to return hone. At last she came to Paris and made an engagement with M. Zidler, of the Hippodrome. Just a week ago she made her last appearance before the public. She was riding her favorite charger, Snitan, and, after putting him through his paices, she gailoped round the arena to receive the appliance of the audicine. Somehow the horse backed or sined at a hand-ker hier and unseated his rider, whose foot get tast in the stirrup. She was dragged for some distance, and when taken up had to be conveyed to the hospital with a compound fracture of the ankle. She was told that she must lose her leg, but she refused to undergo the operation, preferring death, which supervened through mortification of the injured limb within a few days.

STORIES OF PRECEDENCE.

An anusing French medieval poem gives a graphic sketch of a party of fudies at the church door, deciding who is to pass out first. Each hestatice, and there is a long "after you" discussion, until it is discovered that the right of precedence rests with a certain old "Lady Sybille," who is still at her prayers. She is at once disturbed at her de-

votions:

Get up, Lady Sybille, the ladies wait;
Before you not one will pass the gate.

Lady Sybille, who, perhaps, had lived long enough to weary of these tedious citiqueties, complies gramblingly—
Oh dear, dear, dear, oh, St. Marie,
To wait for a poor old thing like me.

but the court of our exiled James at 8t, Germania was so rife with minute punctilios as to perplex even the Grand Monarque himself, who remained stancing during his biref visits to his guests; thus ascending the questions as to the scaling of himself and his saite. Mine, de Campan relates how Marie Antoinetis chafed against the absurd regulations of Court criquette, and describes how once, at the Queen's lever, she was kept shivering for her garments, which were being passed from one hely to the other, until they reached the hands of the highest in rank, who alone had the right of pres along them to the Queen. "The Queen meanance arises dher hands on her besom, and appeared extremely cold," adds Mac, Campan. Two centares earlier, Linzabeth de Vaiots, second wite of Philip II, of Spain, had been yet more victimized by the rights of precedence among her attendants, being obliged to wait for such shapic luxuries as a bath until her fadies had settled who was to have the honor of preparing it.

Even the French Revolution did not extinguish this struggle for precedence. Napoleon found it can of his hardest tasks to settle the disputes of his sisters in this matter, and would tauninally ask them why they were so punctilious regarding "the rank they had inherited from their father, the late king," According to his latest biographer, Napoleon himself had little right to ridicule the weakness of his sisters and marshals in this respect. On one occasion, having to sign a Treaty with the Ambassadors of a foreign Power, and finding that an empty chair of State was placed at the Council board to represent their absent Sovereign, he requested that it might be removed, on the ground that "I cannot see one soat higher than another without wishing to climb into it." Writing his impressions of the events of 1750-93, he candidly states, "I did not understand the Revolution; but an equality that was to elevate myself attracted me." Is not this the true interpretation of the cry for "Egalite!"

TRAINED ELEPHANTS.

One of the late Canon Kingsley's favorite stories was of a certain Devonshire f. rmer, who, narrating to the elergyman of his parish the wonders of a "memgerie" which he had visited, declared himself chiefly delighted with the "Great Zagazams." The elergyman asked for an explanation, when the farmer exhibited the "playbill," on which appeared in large letters the words, "The Great Sagazions," followed b, the picture of an elephant. If half the stories which are told of them be true, elephants certainly have a preeminent claim to this epithet, for they not only display at times an amount of intelligence which is almost human, but they appear to have a keen sense of the humorous as well. Who does not remember the elephant of juvenile story, which drenched the Oriental tailor with water in return for a malicious prick with a needle, which the latter had given him instead of his usual elemosynary bun? Or that other one, celebrated by Wilhelm Busch, of Munchenor Bilderbogen fame, which followed and caught the mischievous legre who had shot at it, and, after frightening him in various ways, dropped him into a prickly-pear bush?

Pineaptle and Wine.—Cut a pineapple in thin slices; signishe it with sugar and pour over it two or three glasses of red or white wine. Place it on the ice and serve cold.

GLARAFO OR PINEAPTLE SHRUB.—This is a South American recipe. To four quarts of water add two good cups of sugar and a large pineapple chopped fine, with all the juice that runs from it. Place the mixture in a narrow beck water-jar or junk-bottle. Let it stand where the heat is steady till it begins to ferment. In very warm weather it will need to stand about two days. When ready, place it on the ice till very cold and serve. It is delicious half frozen, but a little more sugar and pineapplo should be added at first.

CURRY.—To a pint bowl of chopped veal or chicken, which has been browned in a frying-pan, add a fried onion, one tablespoonful of Thompson's India curry powder, two tablespoonfuls of flour wet with cold water, two ounces of butter and a little sait. Sit together thoroughly and heat very hot, but stew only enough to cook the flour, as the meat has already been cooked. Serve as hot as possible.

FLOWERS FOR THE DINNER-TABLE.—A pretty way to arrange such flowers as the sunflower, large oxeye daisy, hollyhock, or any of the old-fashioned large common blossoms, is in a basin of some beauty in itself, not as a bonquet, but floating on the water, as it were, surrounded by appropriate leaves. I saw such an arrangement resterday in a Dresden china